she does not rond Teninyson now. Since the accomplice of her idealism is dead, the ideal is dead or her. After having at first, in a spirit of revengeful irony, assumed the airs of a woman greedy only of pleasure, of movement, and of sensuality, she now seems from discouragement and neglect to play this role naturally and without effort. Cold, mocking, coquette à outrance, indifferent to everything, since the death of her mother she seems to have retained but one spark of honest and elevated sentiment. Three times a week she goes to the bedside of the old Countess de Lerne, who has become paraivzed and childish.

No more need be said of Jeanne Bérengère de Latour-Mesnil, Baronne de Maurescamp, since her diabolical intrigue with M. de Soutis for the purpose of being avenced on her husband for the death of her platonic lover, we have seen that Jeanne, who was once an annel, has become a monster.

The conclusion of this too true story is that in the meral order monsters are not born; God does not make any but men make many. This

in the moral order monsters are not born; God does not make any, but men make many. This is a fact which mothers, and especially Parisian mothers, ought never to forget.

THE CARD-COLLECTING MANIA.

Gloomy Predictions by Sulesmen-Why an

"Yes, indeed," said a careworn, but out-

"Don't ask me; I am only interested to know

bloodshed over this thing; it is getting danger-

cus; people ought to be dectored for it. I tell

you, it's a soul-blighting mania. Excuse me if

I seem to speak with bitterness, but I am worn

to a shadow. I spend nearly half my salary for

in every two weeks."

preprietor."

food now, and yet have to get my clothes taken

"But it cannot hurt you; you are not the

"No: but we are expected to sell something

to a certain percentage of all who come in, and

no method has yet been invented to make a card collector buy a fair bill. She now and then

picks up a cheap trifle, but won't even take

his name.
"I'm engaged to be married," he said, "and

for them, and their appetite is bottomiess."
"How did it start?"

eren employ the Greek as a check or corrective. to inferred from the many instances to ships we have adverted, where, the Latin word being ambiguous, they have chosen the meaning nest remote from the Greek, or where, the Latin having slightly diverged from the true sense, her have aggravated instead of diminishing the error. We do not mean, of course, to say mat King James's committee always, or even for the most part, translated the Latin at first hand. Asa rule, they simply transferred to their pages the English of the so-called Bishops' Bible, and of Tyndale's, Coverdale's, and other English translations, every one of which, as a minute comparison will demonstrate, was reproduced, not from the Greek, but from the Latin of the Valgate, except at those points where, as we have said. Erasmus, Stephens, and Beza had intreduced changes, now known to be unwarranted in the Greek text commended by bearing their names.
In view of these facts, it is plain that the au-

thorized English version should have been repulisted long ago, and that its persistent retenon has reflected no credit on the candor and intelligence of the Christian community. A revision, then, was indispensable; but are the changes introduced by the present revisers so considerable in amount and important in character to to make it worth while to substitute the new version for the old? To this question but one answer can be returned by honest Christions, however much unbolievers may be present it is minimize and discredit the accompushment. As regards merely the quantity of alterations, it is plain that a vast espended on the new version. The minor changes in text or in translation bearing on particles, prepositions, and the tenses of verbs may be computed by tens of thousands, while there are thousands of cases where whole words or even sentences are excised, inserted. or reinterpreted. In our own brief survey of the work, we have marked hundreds of instances where the narratives of the Gospels and of the Arts, and the expositions of Christian doctrine and ethics in the Pauline Epistles, have materially modified. The changes which we have been abla to specify in our review are far more than sufficient to vindicate the great superiority of the new over the old version. Having once undertaken, however, to make these material alterations, it was imperative on the revisers to bring their work in all the minor particulars above mentioned up to the modern level of Greek scholarship. We observe that their scrupulous fidelity in the matter of partides and prepositions has been sneered at as pedantic. We can understand the sneer in the mouth of an avowed or secret skeptle, who looks upon the documents collected in the New Testament canon as the discredited muniments of a decaying faith, and deems it a sheer waste of labor to seek the precise word uttered by an Evangelist, whose testimony he repudiates. From sincers Christians, on the other hand, the charge of pedantry cannot come with any portinence or propriety. For what is pedantry but learning out of place and where is learning so truly and emphatically in the right place, where can it exercise a function of such sovereign utility and necessity, as in dispelling the mists of textual error and corruption, and laying before the eyes of the be liever the precise English equivalent of the very words and syllables dictated to Apostle and Evangelist by the Holy Ghost?

We have said that a literal production of the Vulgate would have been a more precious been to English-speaking Protestants than the version they have used for well nigh three centuries. We affirm with equal confidence that the revised translation is superior to the Latin of the Vulgate, and should, on that account, be welcomed by English-speaking Catholics. That version was not perfect, as Jerome, its great editor, was well aware, but was trammelled by considerations exactly analogous to those which have too often tied the hands of the English revisers. The profound respect which the latter have exhibited for the Latin version will dispose Catholes to appreciate the weight of the authorities under whose pressure the new version is now and then constrained to differ from the Vulgate. They will find that the revisers have very seldom ventured to sanction such divergencies. unless the change was peremptorily enjoined by the concurrent voice of the Alexandrine, the Vatican, and the Sinaltic manuscripts.

While, he vover, we do not hesitate to pronounce the new translation a great improvement on the authorized English version, and even recognize in it a decided superiority to the Vulgate, we are far from accepting it as a atisfactory and final reproduction of the Greek Scriptures. The restrictions imposed on the revisers, and especially the condition that every mange of text proposed must be ratified by two-tairds of the whole committee, were meant operate, and on the whole have operated, as effectual bars against large and radical alterations in Scriptural history and dogma. Here and there, as in the passage of the fourth Gospel which recounts the incident of the woman taken in adultery-or in the sentence above cited from the first Epistle of John, which affirms the coexistence of the triune heavenly witnesses-the revisers have been constrained. by evidence perfectly overwhelming, to seribusiy muttiate what has passed for evangelical narrative, and to deal a heavy blow at the capital affirmance of the Athanasian creed. But it will be held, we think, very generally among Christian scholars that the work of excision should have been carried out much more firmly and extensively. There will be, too, not a few who, not content with the rejection of particular sentences and paragraphs, will demand that the next committee of revision shall investigate the formation of the canon and inquire whether certain of the documents now embraced in it have a more valid claim to be regarded as the revealed Word of God than is Described by other documents which were excuded by the councils of the fourth century M. W. H.

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A New Collection of Poetry.

Messrs. Harper & Brothers have published a Chyclopordia of British and American edited by the late EPES SARGENT of Bosion. It is a large octave volume of more than tine hundred pages, neatly printed in double columns. Beginning with Chauver, it comes down to our own day, its last pages being devoted to Limine and Dora Goodale and to Hester M. Poole. It is arranged in chronological order, with the anonymous pieces of each epoch nacried in a division by themselves after the known writers of that period. The specimens of each post are either fragments selected from some longer works or complete small Decrea as the editor thought advisable. But of the two sorts of selections the fragments predominate. The vestness of the field covered by the volume and the paressity of giving samtwee from such an enormous number of writers laye, in very many instances, rendered it imtossible to furnish any adequate representation of poets of the highest order. It is true, however, that the writings of such authors, of Whith Shakespeare may be taken as the most hasring example, are already in their entely a familiar to the public that there is less extended extracts from them in a popu-

The carriest American author whom we find in this collection is Nathamiel Niles, whose American Hero" is quoted. There are also a Iragmont from Trumbull's "MacFingal," a litts given by Philip Froncau, and Joseph Hop-kinson's "Hall Columbia," But from our later writers the quotations are exceedingly numerous and comprehensive. Indeed, Mr. Sargen seems to have taken care that nobody should be

omitted. It is a cyclopus ita indeed. The selections are made with a good deal of tate and judgment, and without prejudice against any school or individual. An index of first ones adds to the usefulness of the volume.

What Beadens the Sound ! I we the New Hogen Pullarinen.

There have recently been strange phenomena A strainer terrously resident contents to the term terrously result of the term terrously resident the common terrously resident to the terrously result to the terrously resident t FAIR VISIONS OF PORTS.

Advices "I must do as you dot"-Your way, I own, Is a very good way; and, still, There are sometimes two straight roads to a town-One over, one under the hill.

You are treading the sate and well-worn way That the printent choose each time.

And you think me reckies and rash to-day

Recause I profer to climb. Your path is the right one, and so is mine

Or else be scattered abroad. 'Twere a doil old world, methinks, my friend, It we sit went just one way. Yet our paths will meet no doubt at the and

Though they lead spart to-day. You like the shade and I like the sun; You like an even pace; Like to mix with the throng and run, And then rest after the race.

We are not like peas in a pod, Compelled to He in a certain line

I like danger and storm and strife; You like a peaceful time.

I like the passion and surge of life; You like its gentle rhyme.

You like buttercups, down sweet,

And crocuses, framed in snow; I like the roses, born of the heat, And the red carnations glow. I must live my life, not yours, my friend For so it was written down.

We must follow our given paths to the end,
But I trust we shall meet—in town.
ELLA WARKER

My White Rose. From the Children's New Church Magazina I knew 't is only a rose, But her leaves are white, And her heart is sweet, And she imes said grows For inc!

My rose may seem less tair To other eyes than inthe: She may not be sweet, She may not be pure, To all. The true there are some little thorns that the from view; It they were not take, She would not be here For long.

We all have more or less pain And sorrow and care, But the sunitznt cames, And the sunies return In time.

One thing I surely know, That when I am sail She whispers attames A message of love To me:

Then I can go on my way. Each burden bester to bear. For have I not had The help of His love Taranga my rose?

One Little Giel. From the Countrywaria.

Oh, mamma, mamma, it's hair mast eight!
Where are my rubbers? I shall be late!
And where is my penci? I know tust where
Lind it thown, but it is not there.
On, here is my beg, with my books all right—
Fin glad that my massons were learned last night—
And must I'm off-directs a sizes—good-by."
And out of the door I see her fly.

And outed the door I see ner By.

I stand at the window and watch berge,
Swinging her school but to and ire.
And I think of a little girl knew.
And I think of a little girl knew were few;
A lotte window be mad by the thin
Where also went to school-of see it still.
And I make for the child a little mean.
For her face, through the mist, is like my own.

The hours go by—it is half past two.
And here comes Nell with her schoolmate.
They had their escapes two both were " if
There are no happer girls alive.
They insuch and so and fro.
Through every mom in the house they go.
The music teacher will come at four.
But they can play for an hour or more. It is evening new, and, with look sectate, Our fittle mand, with the bends and slatte, Comes into the room. We charter and read, But she to be purely the the hardest. Our housest burle and buy here. There's work obserged, and cloudy you tell !! There's quite too much for girls like Nell.

"The Outcast." From the San Francisco Post.

Bleak winds of winter, solbing and mouning, Plack not my rage with your sittless hand! Here, in the darkness, cold and despairing. Homeless and troubless and starving! stand. Scourged by the white icy whips of the tempest, I wanter forture on my desolate way:

I wander forfore on my desolate way: Forgoties of earth and torsaken of heaven, Too rozen to kneel and toe hungry to pray. I look at the stately and palace-like dwellings That line with their grandeur the path way I trend; I fancy the brightness and warmth of the hearthstone, The picuteous board with the wine and the bread.

I see the heads bowed with a reverent meaning. A blessing is becathed o'er the sumplacing rare; Will it rise to the ear of the platual Father, Or die of the cold, like a vagabend's prayer? Hark! midnight! The chime from the church towe

above me
Drops selemily down through the which of the storm;
I one could but pass through the gate to the portal.
Could steep there, and dream it was lighted and warm? Give way, cold bars, let me through to a reture. Give way! But I rave, and the flores winds reply:

"No room in His house for the vagational children No room in His house for the vagational children No room in His porch for an outrast to dis." No room in the dwellings, no room in the churches— No room in the presention bunger's no crime. Is there room in the bed of the river. I wander, I beep down by the pier in the loose and the sline?

Mack on, tannting wind: I can laugh you an answer. An hour and your butterest breath I do y; lines bars shut me out of God's house auring mortals. I will attock at the gate of His home in the say.

Our Fallen Merces.

From Youth's Complexion. The angel of the nation's peace. Has wreathed with flowers the battle-drum; We see the training fields increase. Where sound of war no more shall come. The swallow skims the Tennessee, Soft winds play o'er the Haphian; There only only netsed stee, Where gleaned a mighty semy's vant

Fair Chatranough's wooded slove
With summer at six highly stirred.
And many a heart is warm with those
Where once the deep mention gun was heard.

The bins Potentae stainless rolls, And Mission fidge sit genimed with fern; On many a height sleep galant son's, And still the becoming years return.

Thank God! unseen to outward eye, But telt in every freeman's breast. From graves where fatter contrades lie Ascende at Nature's wise beheat. With springing grass and blossems new. A prayer to bloss the nation side. To freedom's flower give brighter him. And inde the new manual of Strice.

O. Roys in Blue, we turn to you.
The scarred and mangled who survive;
No more we meet by arant raview.
But all the arts of freedom thrive.

Still glows the jewel in its shrine, Won where the James now tranquit rolls; Its wealth for all the glore time, O memory of heroic souls!

Bowlegged Joe

GROBER BANCKOFT GRIFFITH.

From Purk. in the dark and ghome shadow of a wiff in Colorade. Sat B. weiges Jos. a cliestain of the Usa; From a black as Freich oil blacking Over its features themay location. Somble hung—the book was mad, you bet your boots

For his painted, hewling whoosers
Had how externed by the true ers
In a scriminary of the rather at the fore;
And the research that out the three we
Wren be the called that out the three we
They ought come and was it to us crowd some more

Bound him stood his warriers savens—
Heres hold of many a rawns.
On the smoken here of the school rich below—
And their our decousers balls distinct.
As they shen, should not distinct.
To the cares of insurants decous.

Suddenly the clieftain reduct.

Sainty fuger, byly minist.

At the bounce of every largest on the phane.
There the reduct 'the pale are dwelleth,
And my mestre market or sometich.

White throughts or grey vengence fire my brain!

With a yest that hand resummed.
Mil the measurable peaks, be bounded.
To his feet, and discount peaks, be bounded.
What the measurable was therefore!
What the measurable was them in ?
What was measurable be was them in ?
Would be loost that settler's procedur have with gare

Was the dance preliminary
To a sweet down from his eyery—
Or do the absorption but best
deal? Als her a thousand swarming
deal? Als her a thousand swarming
thousand sweet list through code warring—
Her been sitting an a yellow packets' next

KIT ADARS -----1.6

From the Boston Trans- tpd. If his we never hitter
And how work always seems,
Then who would eare to higher
A north from homorrow;
If then wood always shitter
And pay would be created,
If his war hive hite
And laye were always sweet. House were not the waster
Behind a tector a char;
When case contained
When case contained
When the first model duriers.
And the savill strain down arraysterBy Jave is noted becare
By Jave is noted becare
By Jave is noted becare
Behind a tulew's shape

If wil were always radiant.
And while were always not a large tway And bries were always not a large tway Incident a contenient aske way.
Incoming the year's long tradient Twee event to be entired.
If wit were a ways radiant,
And wine were always red.

Montingu Collins

the existing relations of husband and wife, but rather to show how the too rigid education of

CCLAFF PRUILET'S LAST NOTEL

ARMS, May 13.—M. Octave Peutilet has triven another nove to the public, satisfied riven another nove to the public, satisfied resisting relations of health and write, but introduced the state of the public satisfied resisting relations of health and write, but have about his to show how the too rigid education of from the state of the sta

degree by vanity.
When admitted to court the young lady in the degree by wanty.

When admitted to court the young lady in the presence of her mother, according to the French fashion, M. de Maurescaup acquitted himself satisfactority. All well-brought-up men with a well-lined purse resemble each other in these conditions. Sweetmeans, bouquets, and jewelry compose a sufficient poesy, and the least romantic feel on these occasions, by instinct, that a certain expenditure of idealism is necessary; and it is not rare to hear a man in presence of his future bride become poetical for the first and last time in his life, just as one talks a peculiar language to cindien and does whose favor one wishes to gain. This phase of fluction and enchantment was prolonged for Mile, de Latour-Meeni by the magnificence of the religious ceremony in the fachionable widding trousseau and the sweet spienders of the religious ceremony in the fachionable church of Sainte-Clottide.

M. de Maurescamp had peculiar theories about the manner of attaching a wife to her husband. From his point of view love was desire, and the virtue of women satisfied desire. During the first few days the young household was not very gay. Jeanne was bitterly disappointed to find love and passion so different from what she had imagined them to be. M. de

pointed to find love and passion so different from what she had imagined them to a different from what she had imagined them to a different from what she had imagined them to a different from the first of bluerness was help by the trilliancy of a dixtrole march to be satisfied with major of a dixtrole march to be satisfied with major of a dixtrole march to be satisfied with major of his part of the first of them to been to continue with her husband the intellectual communion, that kind of ideal life, to which her mother had initiated her by sharing with her hother had initiated her by sharing with her hot for the first had been to continue with her hother had been declared and reflections upon everything, her beliais and her enthusiasms in presence of the strand spectacles of nature of the first had been deven religion—everything, in fact, that hours the imagination—ought only to be permitted in small doses. M. de Maurescamb never failed to impress these theories upon his wife on every possible occasion, by brutal scomma and icy jokes, whenever she showed many of M. de Maurescamb. Her brutal scomma and icy jokes, whenever she showed many of M. de Maurescamb, and had been married a year she became convinced that she was a Christian, and the hours of the present had been married a year she became convinced that she was bound for life to a man whom she despised. Nevertheless, remembering that she was a Christian, she remained an ambible and submissive wife in spite of her discovery.

The birth of a son was a great consolation to Mme, de Maurescamp, too, told his friends that he had married a statue, a fact which, to his pealous disposition, seemed a sufficient guarantee of his conjugath honor. In these circumstances a modus creenit was replify arrived at. He had married a statue, a fact which, to his pealous disposition, seemed a sufficient guarantee of his conjugath honor. In thes

In Mme, de Maurescamp's case this jittle In Mme, de Maurescamp's ease this little drama was observed with interest by M. de Monthelin, an elemant and dustricest by M. de Monthelin, an elemant and dustricest by M. de Monthelin, an elemant store to discovering neuscholds in distress, and to completing their disasters. This was his sneenalty, Two or three disasters. This was his sneenalty, Two or three disasters. This was his sneenalty and promote the result trade, "Why not stop it?"

"Why not stop it."

REPAIRING DAMAGED ETES.

New Duttes of the Artist who Improves Responding to calls from private houses s a new departure of the artist who has the

sign, " Paint your eyes while you wait," 'They get 'em," he said, referring to dam aged eyes, "in residences in Fifth and Madison avenues and the swell side streets as often as in Baxter street or Avenue A. Many are ladies, and of course they do not want to go through the streets in even a carriage with such a disfigurement."

Do they say how they get black eyes?" Oh, it's always an accident of some kind. They trip and fall down stairs, run against a door in the dark, or catch cold. The marks of a flat are, however, in most cases easy to be dis-tinguished. We always sympathize with them and say such accidents are very common. But painting black eyes is not all that we go out to lo. We go out to make ladies up at their residences for balls, parties, private theatricals, &c. Some women will get made up just to attend a dinner. By making up I mean filling up wrincles, adding dimples, improving the complexion. The young men in society would be thunderstruck if they knew how much scores of celles owed to art, both as to face and form."

You say you are always open?" We are obliged to be. We have calls from 5 A. M. up to after midnight. You see if a person has been struck and comes in half an hour afterward a black eye can easily be prevented. It is the delay which causes the blood to accumulate and harden. We have some come here as soon as day breaks to get fixed up for their

mulate and harden. We have some come here as soon as day breaks to get fixed up for their day's work."

"Who come here? Everyhody. We have a good many ciergymen of different denominations. They generally get their black eyes by slipping on a bananaskin, and are always going to sue the city. Young bloods who have been fighting often meet each other here. A few days ago two chaps met here who had had a fight, and they went at it again, and we had to separate them. Outside of these we make up any quantity of actors and actresses, and conceal all kinds of birth marks, nimples, burns, and blotches. Yes, black eyes can be caused by other means than blows. We have had some extraordinary cases. A man came in here the other day who had slipped and hit the back of his head vary hard. It gave him two black eyes are easily produced. A curious case was that of a man who had a mark on his face resembling a builet mark. We used to paint if, but every time he took a Russian bain it would come out again. It disappeared, flowever, in about three months. Our out of town custom is considerable. We had a party from Philadelphia the other day, and visits from the suburies are frequent. I suppose you read of a mulatio woman and what a sensation she created at several bails last winter. Well she was made up here and magnificently she fooked. mulatio woman and what a sensation she created at several bais last winter. Well she was made up here and magnificently she looked. Many young bloods have not recovered yet from the effects of the sell she so successfully played on them. A celebrated opera singer had occasion to go out inegnita a few weeks ago, and we went to her hotel and disguised here completely that her most intimate friend did not know her."

"Are your preparations a secret?"

"Are your preparations a secret?"

"Are your preparations a secret?"

"Well, parity so, but the modes operand is not. You see here a palette with paints of different ints ready to be applied. In the case of a black eye, hot water, not Pond's extract, and our peculiar liniment, with pressure, are first applied. Then the dissignment is concenied by oil paints. After the paint dries persons can was their faces or go in swimming if they want to. In the case of cuts we put the flesh together and cauterize, and fix it so that the place of the cut cannot be distinguished. A lady came in here yesterday with one sys completely came in here vesterday with one eye completely closed up. When she left you couldn't tell which eye had been damaged. Two days completes the cure, but it is necessary to operate before much time has elapsed after the injury was received."

"What is the best season for black eyes."

Weil, election times, holidays, or occasions when there is any strong public feeling or dif-ference of opinion on an important subject. St.

wardly placid salesman, in a Sixth avenue store, "they string in here from morning till night; begging cards. They hunger and thirst how soon it will end. I think there will be

card collector buy a fair bill. She now and then picks up a cheap trifle, but won't even take that without a chromo. We bought six large boxes of cheap miscellaneous cards less than a month ago, and now we haven't enough for a euclire deck."

"What sort of people ask for them?"

"All sorts. None too high to beg cards for herself and children, and none too poorly dressed or wask in nerve to demand them boldly. The druggist on the corner says that every child that buys five cents' worth of cough dross or paregoric wants a card thrown in. Sweepers beg for them, or hunt them up in ash barrels. A man in a large grocery house, second block above, says he can't soil a cake of soap without some sort of a card with it. There they come, two of 'em' I know them at a glance," said the salesman, wildly; "they have a longing, unsatisfied, hungry look. They—"

Two ladies soon passed out triumphantir with two cheap and tawdry-looking specimens of colored printing.

"You see how it works," resumed the blighted salesman. "People of all sizes, ages, and qualties may it, though I am grieved to state that fair woman rather has the call on the card manis. Men and boys do ask for cards—especially boys—but we generally find that they want them for their women focks."

Here the salesman took the reporter into his confidence, upon a solemn promise to withhold his name.

"I'm engaged to be married," he said, "and

his name.

"I'm engaged to be married," he said, "and happened to call on the young indy inst week out of my regular night. I walked into the sitting room and grasped her by the hand. Imagine my chill of horror when I found that it had been recently employed in daubing cold gum tragacently paste on the backs of some cards which she was putting into her book. Sie had pictures of toys and cothes wringers, scouring soaps and canned provisions, and even lithographs of men's hats. My countenance, as her brother told me afterward, looked like a picture he had seen, called "Night on the Battlefield." It was a case of love's first deseption, She know my horror of this fashion, but you see, sir, the poor girl could not resist the evil example of others, and so she kept the signs of her ruined taste out of my way, though still industing in its excesses."

"I hope nothing serious resulted."

"Well, I may say that I have had a very pleasing letter from her to-day, and design calling upon her to-night with a view to resuming amicable relations. She offers to renounce cards forever. But I shall not access to great a sacrifice; the fashion will run itself out in time anyhow. I may as well yield to my girl on the; it will secure me my tobacco rights for rears."

The speaker walked forward to warn off a bovy of school girls with the cry: "Not a single cart off—all out."

"Those school children," he resumed, "have a preternatural perseverance in working for their sisters. Our house has been thinking of cosing while they are going to and returning from school."

"What kinds of cards do these people prefer?"

"Mostly high colored; but they will take anything that looks like a card, and then ask for an

"What kinds of cards do these people prefer?"

"Mostly high colored; but they will take anything that looks like a card, and then ask for an
extra one. They strike out for quantity and
variety rather than quality. I tell you, young
man, it is terplied to think now they are distracting the public mind from the great interests of
the retail trade,"

"Why not stop it?"

The crushod salesman smiled cynically. "Our
flym," said he. "Inve ordered printed notices to
be stack up in the show windows and all around
the store, reading, 'No cards given away;' but
it will do no good—none whatever."

"Why not ?"

"We dear sit." replied the hopeloss man.

CRIME IN SCHOBARIE COUNTY.

A Woman's Desperate Struggle in the Bark with Two Negroos.

SCHOHARIE, May 22 .- The Contine tarring and feathering in this county has been followed by an outrageous assault, of which a young ectoroon, in whom the African blood is hardly perceptible, is the victim. Mrs. Hattie Hemingway lives on the hill overlooking Schoharie valley and village, with no other companion than her child, about two years of age. She is a native of this town, about 25 years old, and is universally acknowledged to be a respectable young woman. Some three or four years ago be married a man in Albany named Hemingway, who proved to be a worthless fellow, and she, not being able to support him and her child, returned to Schoharle. Since her return she has lived in the house of her step-grand-

child, returned to Schoharle. Since her return she has lived in the house of her step-grand-father, Hank Tebout, and has supported herself and child by hard work. The spot is secluded. The house is rather small and poor, but was neatly kept.

Mrs. Hemingway retired on Saturday night last at about her usual hour, and, as was her custom, left a lamp burning in her bedroom. At about 1 o'clock in the moraning she heard some one trying to lift the latch of her bedroom door. She called out to know who was there, and in her fright sprang out of bed and ran across the room to get a hammer with which to defend herself, but before she secured it the door was broken open and two men appeared. The first one had a bed spread which she had left on the grass in front of the house, and he held it up in front of him and came toward her. This man's face she did not see, but as he advanced toward her she caught a glimpse of his accomplice in the hall leading to her room. The first man threw the bed spread over her head, and, pushing her backward caught her by the throat and choked her. Rain had been falling, and the bed spread, being wet, tegether with the choking, led her to a hard struggie to keep from smothering, and when at last she succeeded in removing the cloth from her face she found the lamp had been extinguished. The woman was choked till she was unconscious, and when she recovered consciousness the men were gone. In the moraling she called to the neighbors and told them about it. While they were in her house endother.

morning she called to the neighbors and told them about it. While they were in her house neither of the men spoke, save in a whisper, to one another.

"Do you know who they were?" Mrs. Hemingway was asked.

"I think I know them," she said, "but I have been told by the lawyers and the justice not to talk about that. I know they were negroes for while I was fightling them I got hold of their hair, and it was negro-hair.

"How long were they in the house?"

"I cannot tell. I heard the town clock strike one, and that is about all I know as to the time." In the village the feeling is very bitter against the perpetrators of the outrage. B. F. Handy and it. Vantuyi, attorneys, who have taken up the matter, sav they are satisfied that the men are from this locality and were well acquainted with the premises at Mrs. Hemingway's. An investigation is in progress by the police auinvestigation is in progress by the police au thorities before Justice N. L. Bachman, who says that from the evidence before him, he is satisfied that the authorities are on the track o the villians.

THE ANTI-JEWISH BIOTS IN BUSSIA A Russian Version of the Affair-Strange From the Name Frencya. In the city of Elisavetgrad, in the prov

In the city of Elisavetgrad, in the province of Kherson, the Hebrew element predominates in everything; the land trade, industry, and the city administration are all in the hands of the Jews. The means by which these get the better of the orthodox Russians are very obnoxious to the later. Cheating the ignorant peasants, extortion of exorbitant interest on money lent, faise bankruptcy and the like, are freely resorted to. The Jewish usurers commonly demand four and five per cent, per month. There are many instances in which the usurers, beginning with 1,000 roubles, in five years have amassed twenty or thirty thousand roubles. It had come to such a pass that the Russians could not buy or sell asything without Jewish middlemen. The richer the Jews grew the poorer became the orthodox population. Now the rich and uneducated Jews are arrogant and spiteful. The Russians can live peaceably side by side with

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THE SUMPRISE AT SHILOR.

Dencon Blebard Smith Accesses Gen. Cranf and Gen. Sherman of Lying.

From the Continuenti Grantes. In a military sense there is no question of a surprise at Shiloh. The whole dispute has been raised by ignorance of the military art and of military terms. When brought back to the regular standards of our military institute, there is no question left. We shall apply those regularly and rigidly, and having demonstrated the matter by the military standards, we shall thereafter put into the category of mere volun-

thereafter put into the category of mere volunteers, who never can learn real war, all who dispute about a surprise at Shiloh.

1. In a military sense an army is surprised when unexpectedly attacked. Who says there is any question about this at Shiloh?

2. An army that has a General cannot be surprised save by a night attack. Both Frederick and the Austrian commander took a turn at this surprise. But an army that has a General is so picketed and guarded that no surprise can prevent its getting into good form for battle far in advance of its camp. Is there any question about this surprise at Shiloh?

3. In a military sense an army is badly surprised when attacked in daylight with so little warning from its guards that its several divisions have only time to seize their arms and get into line immediately is front of their tents, where the first retrograde will leave their camp to the enemy. Is there any question about such a surprise at Shiloh?

4. In a military sense, as taught at our institute, an army is very badly surprised if attacked when its several parts are not in positions from which they can form a connected and mutually supporting line of battle in advance of their camps, and when it astillery is not in position, nor where it can be placed readily in such line, and when it has no organization for supplying it with ammunition in the action. Is there any question of such surprise at Shiloh?

nor where it can be placed readily in such line, and when it has no organisation for supplying it with ammunition in the action. Is there any question of such surprise at Shiloh?

5. In the military sense, an army is still worse surprised when stacked before it has been organized as an army; when its several parts are placed around irregularly and independently, and there is no general commander to give unity, cohesion, subordination, or mutual support. In the art of war such a surprise is incredible. Is there any question of such a surprise at Shiloh?

Thus when we confine the affair to military methods, as taught at our institute, there is nothing to dispute about. The way in which all the hubbub has been raised is by its being taken un by ignorant volunteers who never one learn the art of war, and don't know what a surprise is in the military sense, who honestly but absurdily think that in order to constitute a surprise the enemy must catch the army in its shirt tail asleep in its tents. But military men, such as Grant, Sherman, and ourselves, who apply the military standards as taughtst West Point, know that in a military sense there is no question of a surprise at Shiloh—a surprise so wilful, so contrived, so strange, so seeningly premoditated that it has never been explained, and can never be excitated, and that the much ling of the two responsible Generals and their biographers has only made it the more inexpicable. Having thus settled the affair by the West Point standards, we hope to hear no more dispute about the surprise at Shiloh.

SNAKE CHARMING IN INDIA.

A Hareda Remon Snake Man Conjures a Cobra Out of a Boy's Head. From the Pall Mall Gazette.

The following story of snake charming has been sent to us by a correspondent who is making a sketching four through some of the states of northwest India:

One morning I was strolling with a friend in the verandah when we saw a strange figure coming along the drive; athlish man, in a searlet turban—only, unlike the usual solid turban, it was wound serpent wise about his head; a kind of loose, flame-colored shirt; a loin cloth, and the ordinary peaked shoe of the Easterns. Across his shoulders he carried a sout bamboo pole between five and six feet long, at either end of which hung two bars of coarse woven cloth, colored a less vivid flame-color, As he came up to us we saw he had long black hair, twisted up like a woman's, and secured at the loft side by a heavy silver comb whose back was chased in strange patterns and shaped like a curve in a enake's body. In his ears were delicate earrings of silver, set with small green and red and white stones in flower-like shapes; on his forchead was the red mark of the Hindoo; across the bridge of the nose, beween the eyes, there was a black and scarlet line drawn that looked like a fine silk ribbon, and a similar ribbon ran from the outer corner of each eye to the temple. His face gave you the lightpression of his having been alive since the fload; his eyes looked as if they could not shut; yet he had not a wrinkle, and was evidently young. His hands were beautifully shaped, with delicate nails; his feet were strong and shapely too.

My friend and: "This man will show you some fun for a few coppers." So he was had up on to the verands, and the play began. He opened his bags, sat down on his haunches, and proceeded to unpack. The bags contained each a large wicker, or rather bamboo lath basket, and nondescript bundles of many-colored cloth. The latter contained a tin box full of live and lively scorpions, some necklaces of strange gray and red stone, pieces of wood supposed to be cures for scorpion bites, round black substances like small shining buttons—these are snake s The following story of snake charming